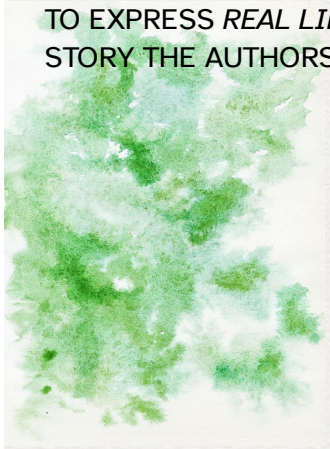
Anaya chandler

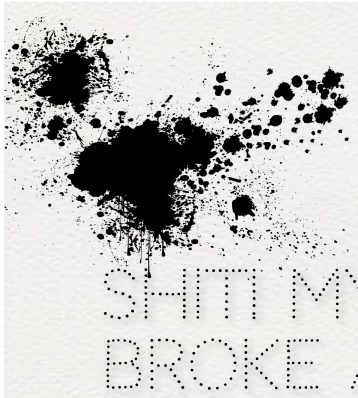
WARNING:
Designed for people ages 12 and up, because this has **Mature** themes.
If you're younger, you can continue, but I don't recommend it if you're sensitive to things such as:

- Chemical Injections/Dr*g Use
- ABUSE
- SA/CSA
- Death
- Swearing
- Slight Emetophobia warning
- Etc.

If you don't like any of those,
PLEASE close this book.
If you happen to be fine with it, go on.

THIS IS **NOT** A BOOK WRITTEN BY AN ADULT. THIS IS WRITTEN BY SOMEONE WHO WANTS TO SPREAD **AWARENESS** AND I AM SIMPLY WRITING S/A AS A WAY TO EXPRESS IT AS A STORYTELLING TOOL AND TO SHOW THE DISGUSTING REALITY OF IT. THIS IS ***NOT*** A BOOK FOR WEIRDOS TO READ. THIS IS A WORK OF FICTION WRITTEN TO EXPRESS *REAL LIFE* ISSUES AS WELL AS TO SHOW A STORY THE AUTHORS MADE.





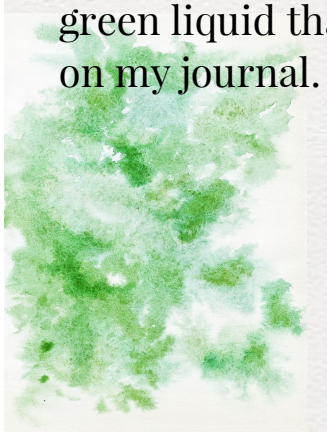
Sorry. Excuse that, I just got a new pen.
My substitute caretaker got me a new journal to write in.
He was a lot nicer than my normal one, who injects me
with weird chemicals to see what I'll do.
Oh, and...if this ever gets published or something like that,
I'm Caliste. I was made in a lab. I don't know how they managed to
create me, but my old caretaker was wonderful.
Things just changed when he died...
He died of cancer because he accidentally gave himself it
using a cancerous chemical instead of something else.
Now I've got a weirdo caretaker named Vincent who I only get relief from
when he's sick and I get a substitute, or "babysitter".
I always get the same one named James, and he's super nice.
he got me journals to write stuff in when I got bored.

I got to get to bed. Oh yeah, I should start writing the date. I'll do it at the top later, but today's October 20th. Also, sometimes my caretaker takes my journal and writes in it. I'm not allowed to take the pages he writes in or look at them. He makes sure by marking them with a red dot on the page before them, so if you see a red dot on one of my journal entries, the next page is his. But you should be able to tell by his different handwriting. I'll write a more casual but specific introduction later about normal stuff.
Goodbye, journal.

Caliste♡

October 21st

Today my caretaker injected me
with a green chemical.
Now I can't feel my legs and I can't
move or get up from
the waist down. I asked Vincent
about it and he said
"It should only last for an hour or
so"
so now I'm stuck here, hungry, and
I'm kind of thirsty.
but I can't get up to get anything
and Vincent won't let me
without getting it myself.
Also, that green stain is some of
that
green liquid that spilled
on my journal.



Oh yeah, here's my introduction.
My name's Caliste, I'm 12 years old, and my caretaker is named Vincent, he's 32.
I was created in a lab and my old caretaker died of cancer.
My old caretaker was nice, sweet, and genuinely the best person I've seen.
i mean, I've only seen 3 other people.
There's another girl that got created but shes in another building that's part of the organization I'm in.
Theres also Vincent, and then there's my substitute.
My new caretaker injects me with chemicals, and I'm basically just his labrat, his "experiment" if you will, his "test subject". It's terrible.
At least I get food I guess. But it's still hell with some of the stuff he injects me with.

October 22nd

I'm starting from the beginning of today from the morning. I'm gonna try to document everything that happens now.

Hello! This is Caliste later, I got breakfast. It was more nutritious blocks Vincent gives me. As of right now, I'm sitting on my bed in my room.
To give a bit of a visualization, my room is basically a big, concrete square with a door to get in and out. My bathroom is a smaller square connected to my room with a door to get in there. My food is given in a styrofoam plate with some utensils and given to me on my bed. I can't leave my room a lot because the door is locked most of the time.

Caliste here. It's been like 2 hours since my last paragraph from this entry, and I'm excited! My caretaker said he's got a surprise me with something that I'll love! I'm excited to see what it is, and he said he's gonna do it in 3 days!
Yay!

Caliste again. I just got injected with a Pink chemical. I don't know what it's gonna do since they usually take a minute to affect me, but yeah. I'll write another paragraph when it takes effect.

HOLY SHIT. I WOKE UP. THERE'S A TON OF VOMIT IN FRONT OF ME. WHAT THE HELL DID VINCENT INJECT ME WITH? OH SHIT-
Oh. He just told me I'm fine, I just threw up my food because the injection made my body reject my food.

So I’m feeling better now! Still super excited for the surprise in 3 days! But now I gotta go to bed. Toodles!

Caliste♡

October 23rd

The surprise is tomorrow! I can't wait! But for some reason my head hurts today. I just realized when I looked over at my arm-I found a needle. It took my blood!

So apparently they took my blood to inspect if my blood was healthy, and they said it was! Surprising to hear since I've been injected with so much stuff I shouldn't have been injected with.
...I'm taking a nap!

I woke up. Vincent said he's going to get me a good treat. He's probably just gonna feed me some nutritious blocks with seasoning on them.

alright, so he did exactly that. Whatever. I was kind of hoping for something I've seen Vincent eat-like those stringy yellow strips with that red sauce on it.

I got to go to bed
again. Bye!

October 24th (SURPRISE REVEAI

Hi, good morninggg!

I'm so excited!!!!! I can't wait! I'll write when Vincent shows me what it is!

Vincent's taking me to go to the other facility! He said he's moving me over there now! I have been pretty lonely. At least I have a companion!

I met Aurélie. She's very kind and we chatted about what we like. She usually draws in her journals, while I write in them, which is cool.

Vincent said there is more to his surprise, but we have to wait until night. I'm so excited! I wonder what it will be.

L!) It's night now and Vincent is bringing out the green chemical. I'm scared. What is this surprise?...I'm sitting near Aurélie. We're both very scared and holding each other tight.

Vincent injected us with the green chemical. We can't move from the waist down.

He's outside of the cell and I can't tell what he's doing. We can only hear him. He said he's going to give us a great time, which makes me a little less scared. Maybe he's getting stuff to take us for a trip!

Me and Aurélie are still a bit confused but she said it's going to be fine. We just need to stick together if anything happens.

We're a little more scared now because Vincent is walking inside the cell. He said I can't write anymore tonight. He's letting me finish writing this sentence and then he'll take it away for the night.

October 25th

OH SHIT. It's the next morning and now I can write again. So the surprise yesterday wasn't really a good one. He said he was going to do something caretakers do to their experiments(I hate when he calls me that). He said it was going to be fun but would hurt at first. We were really scared but we couldn't move. I thought he was just doing something normal but then he did this weird thing, I don't really remember it much because I was tired. He was making weird noises and we just had to watch. This surprise wasn't fun at all. I HATE HIM. I HATE HIM. I HATE HIM.

I played some games with Aurélie today. It was fun. Vincent gave us some human food to try! It was called Mac and cheese. It was orange and slimy. It tasted really good though!

Vincent injected us with a yellow chemical. I'm really tired...

I woke up with this weird stuff on me and my clothes off. I wonder what happened while I was asleep. Vincent tells me I move a lot in my sleep and the chemicals can make me feel or see things that aren't there. This happens a lot, actually. I guess I'll have to trust Vincent on this one.

Aurélie drew a visual depiction of how she feels about last night.

October 26th

I'm starting to doubt what Vincent tells me. I hate it here. I found a book in Vincent's drawer and it was about anatomy of humans or something. He told me I would be able to read it when I'm 13. I'm curious about humans though, So I snuck out of my cell and read it. Humans have red blood, while ours is yellow. They also have no horns, as I could tell by Vincent. They also come in all different sizes. Their hair, skin, and eyes are all different shades. They're so unique! I wish I could meet more humans. Also, it taught me what that weird stuff was...I'd rather not talk about it. Vincent lied to me.

I think Vincent isn't taking care of us, more like keeping us alive for his pleasure. He gave us more human food to try. It's like he's acting like he loves us by giving us all these gifts but just makes those gifts a bad thing. Human food? We throw it up because of the injections. New facility? More experiments to mess with. I fucking hate him. And I want to escape this cell block. If he sees this, I'll make it known to him. And Aurélie agrees.

Aurélie wanted to show me how she draws! She drew me! I didn't know much of what I looked like, so this is cool! Sorry it's so messy, she only had my pen to use.

Aurélie agreed we should escape. We're planning it soon.

October 27th

It's Vincent. One of my [redacted] experiments has been writing in here often. Sometimes my [redacted] experiment draws in here. Recently, I finally got to fuck them…they're so cute. They can be a bit dramatic though. I give them so much, [redacted] ungrateful little bitches. I love having them and I have to keep them alive…but sometimes I wish they'd never scream.

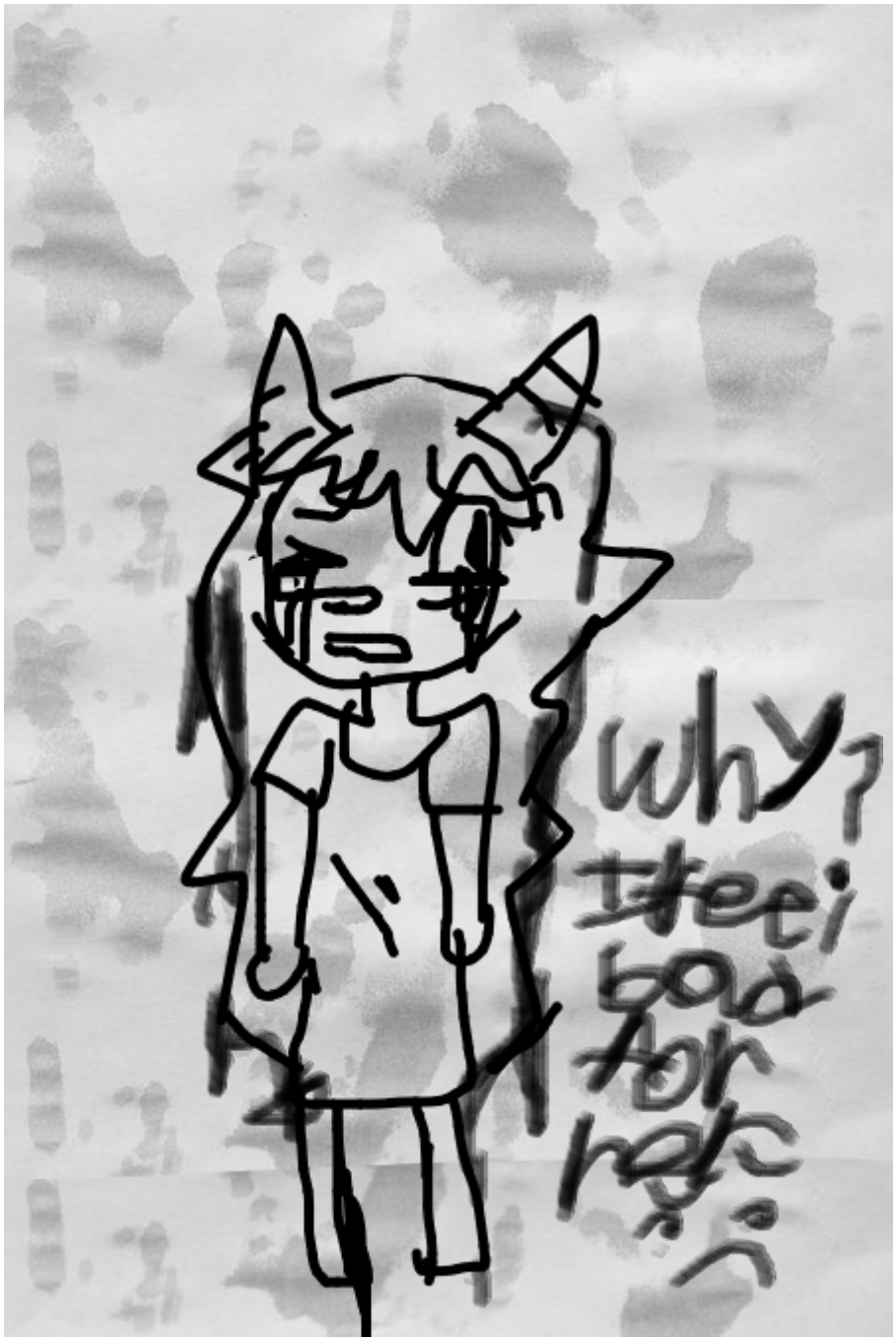
OH MY GOD I READ WHAT VINCENT WROTE. HE DID WHAT? HE THINKS WHAT OF US? OF COURSE WE SCREAM WHEN YOU DO THAT WEIRD STUFF. I SCRIBBLED OVER THE PARTS I DIDN'T LIKE. I'm scared. I'm scared. What…the hell? You can't see it much because I scribbled on it, but yeah…

Vincent started giving us the nutrient blocks again. They're disgusting. I'm gonna read more of that book today to try to figure out more about what's been happening to us lately. He also said he'll give us another surprise tonight and he 'likes it more when we're awake.' I don't want another surprise. I just want my old caretaker back. Please. Please.

Hi, I'm back here again. It's been awhile. There's only 15 minutes until bed. He going to do that weird thing again I think. This time we'll be awake. I can't write while it happens so I'll have to write after since he takes my diary away. He says it'll be bad for us to show how we feel about it…I'm starting to REALLY, REALLY, hate him…like if there was a way to punish this man, I'd do it…he's so fucking disgusting and horrible…I hate him so much!!!

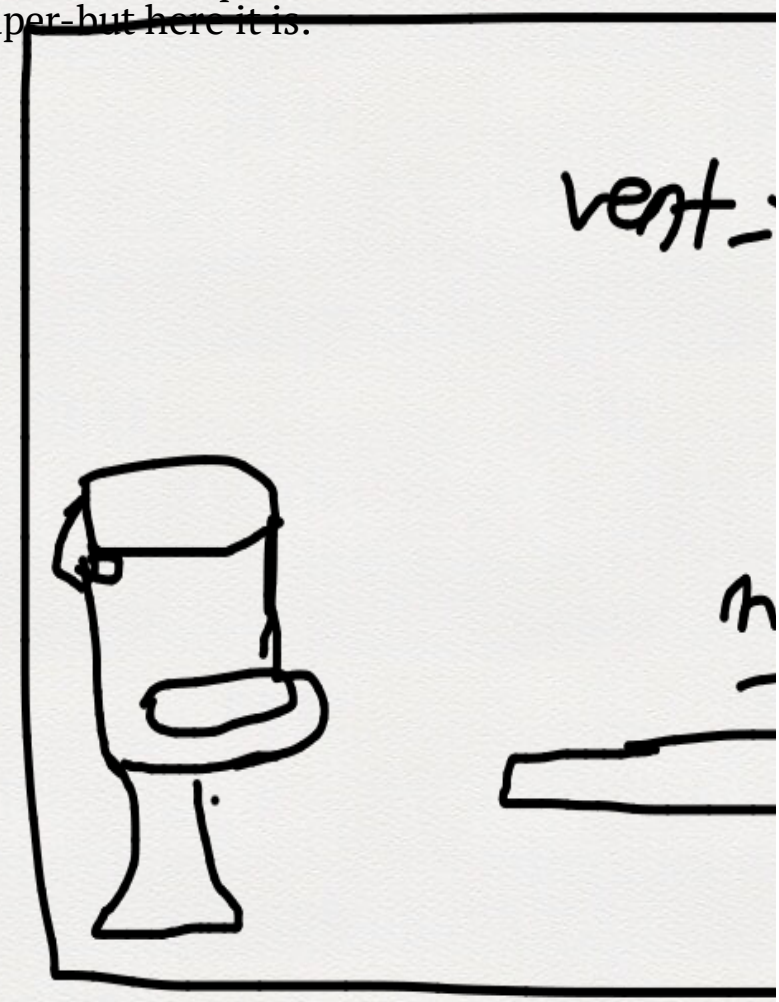
October 28th

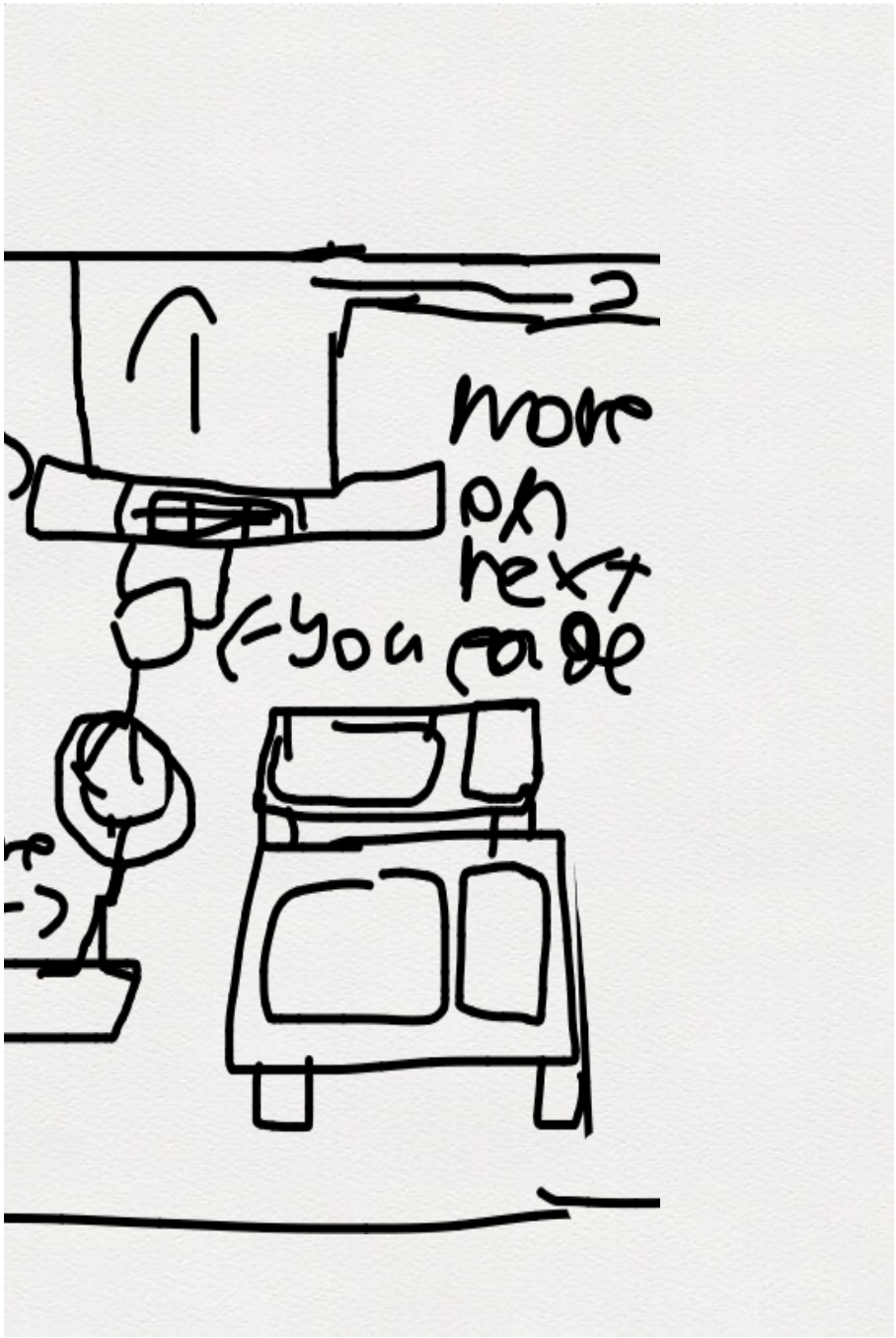
Sorry the pages are wet, I was just crying…I can't bear to even describe what he did. I want to stop thinking about it. It circles my mind..over and over. I'm scared. I don't want him to keep doing this. I feel so horrible when it happens. I can't imagine what he'd do if there was some other girl here…I don't want more of us to suffer. I wouldn't wish my pain on anyone. I hated how it felt awake. I'd rather just not know what it was and have him do it while we were asleep again, but I can't just erase my memory…it's stuck there. Forever. I can't keep writing before…my eyes tear up. I'm crying my eyes out and Aurélie is comforting me…I feel much better around her. She makes me feel ok. I don't know why but I just feel ten times better around her. She's the sweetest. Nobody deserves someone as amazing as her. She told me she was sorry her drawing smeared from the wet paper, and I assured her she was fine. We comforted each other. We're gonna escape in a few hours…or at least plan our escape now and escape at some point. I'll put the plan on the next page since this one's wet from me crying..


why?
I feel bad for her

October 28th

Aurélie helped visualize my ideas for our escape plan by making a blueprint-or I guess a “whiteprint” since it’s on white paper-but here it is:




2
more
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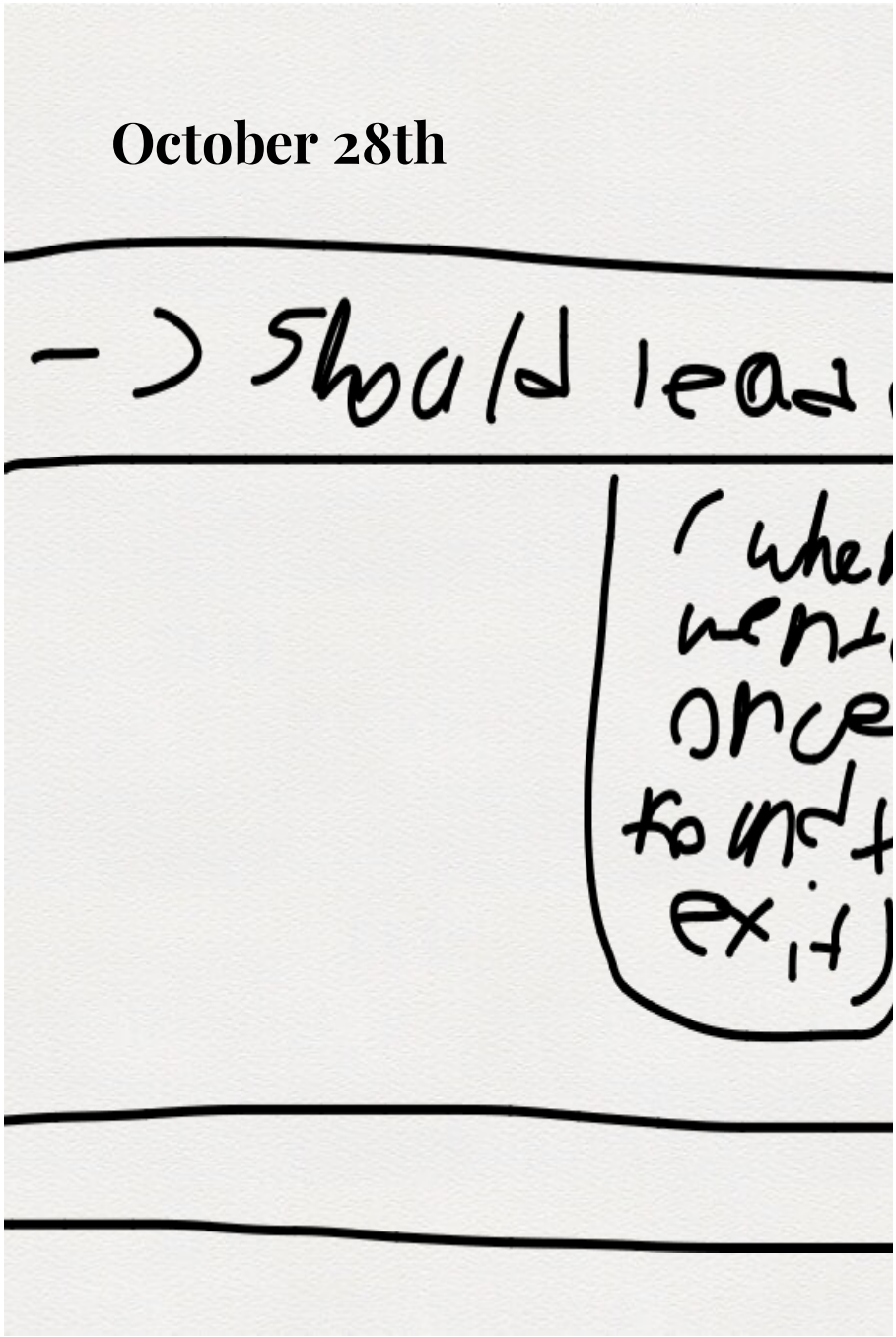
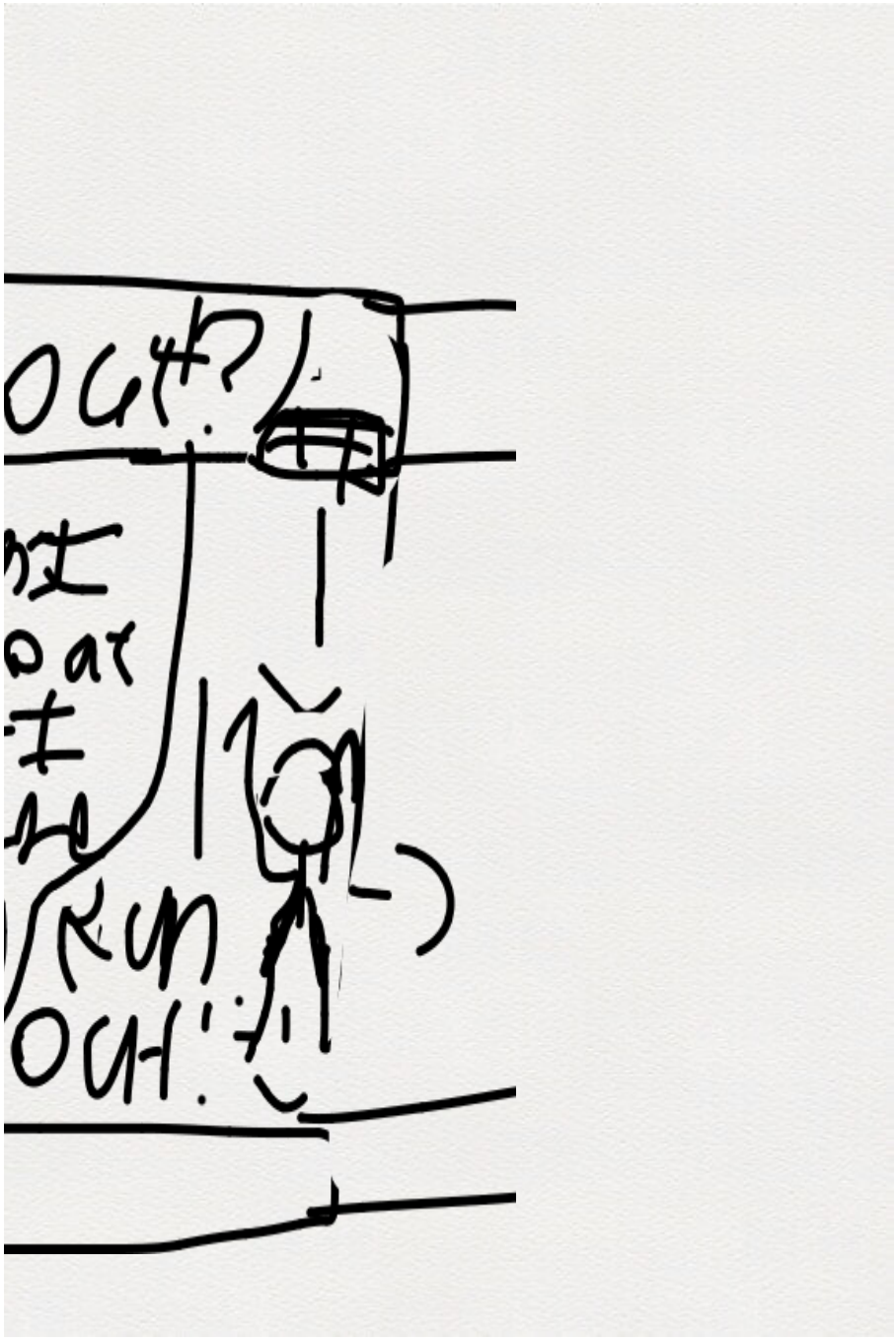
October 28th




OUCH!
RUN
OUCH!

October 29th (the escape attempt)

Aurélie said we should escape in a couple hours since we just woke up any one ate breakfast just now. If the drawing was too messy, it basically showed how she was gonna have me get something to use to unscrew the vent, hop on her shoulders, and get me in the vent. Once we do that she's gonna have me pull her into the vent, and we escape out the exit door she saw one time when she out to see something her old caretaker showed her. We were both the same species but we're not related by blood or anything, so we're not like "twins" or "sisters" as the book I read had some stuff about when I was looking in it. We don't have the same "parents" since we're made in a lab, Anyways I'll write in here if we succeeded.

Hi, it's been a bit. But we're in the vents right now. I found a screwdriver in the floor so I was able to unscrew the vent with it. We're currently about to jump onto the floor. It's kind a of a high jump, though…so I asked Aurélie to help me climb down.

Hi. He caught us…
I'm really scared.
I don't want him to hurt me.
I don't want him to do that weird stuff anymore.
I just want to be safe.
But I'm stuck here.

October 30th

Hey. He didn't do that weird thing last night.

That's the first time he hasn't in 3 days.

I'm genuinely relieved. But he did do something else.

He talked to us.

He said if we ever try to escape again that he'll make sure that we get punished horribly.

I don't want to be punished.

I don't want to be near Vincent anymore.

I hate this.

I wish I could be somewhere else.

So, I just got breakfast. After we ate he injected us both with this yellow liquid and I started bleeding. Aurélie did as well.

Vincent ran to grab something…I heard him muttering stuff like

"Oh…it shouldn't do that…no..wrong chemical…ugh"

After he cleaned it up, he said that he had to go do something and said we got our "Substitute" today.

I am so happy I don't have to go with that asshole today.

Aurélie said "I never met him, but I don't care as long as Vincent is gone."

Thank god we agree.

Our substitute caregiver came and brought us something to eat. He sneaked it in because he shouldn't give us food without Vincent knowing. I guess it's Vincent's rules. It was fried chicken, as he said, with sauce on top. It was very good. He also brought some games and we had a lot of fun! We also learned math and things like that, which we don't like very much, but we do like to be more... educated, I guess. A few hours passed, and I decided to ask Aurelie if she could tell our caregiver what Vincent has been doing. She agreed. Maybe we can finally get it to stop. I hope our substitute caregiver understands. We're going to say it now.

This is what we said: "Hello, we don't want to worry you too much, but this is important. Vincent has been injecting us with chemicals that stop us from moving and then hurting us."

And so he replied: "What!? Goodness, you poor girls. I'll have to tell someone about this. How does he hurt you? I'll stay here longer if you need it, no matter what it takes. My God..."

I'm glad he understands the urgency of the situation...

Vincent came back, with our caregiver staying here. "James! Get the hell out of here!" He yelled. "Fuck, man, why are you being so gross to these girls?! They told me everything! You're a disgusting excuse of a

Vincent ran to James and pinned him down. “Nothing’s gonna stop me. What did they tell you?” “They said you’ve been giving them the wrong chemicals and hurting them!” “You know how much of liars they can be..don’t listen to them! They just want me gone!” “Yes, we can agree on that. We all want you gone.” Vincent let go of him and sat down at the nearby table. He started muttering to himself again, then went into his room. I heard him grab something and some rustling. Then we didn’t hear from him again that day. James hid nearby with us, making sure we were safe. “I don’t know how, but I’ll do everything to get you guys out of here. And if I can’t, you guys have to push through for me. Okay?” James said. We nodded our heads. We went to sleep and woke up to James not being there. Vincent walked to our cell and opened the door. “Alright, today you get no chemicals, but James had to leave. I’m finding another caregiver.” No! We finally found someone to help us, and he’s gone?! I just hope the next one is nice enough. “Since I have to leave again today, he will be here around noon, so maybe a half hour from now. His name is

This time since we have a new substitute, we're gonna try and convince him to let us go. I can't stand being here anymore.
It was a different substitute. We're gonna try to get him to let us outside. Since neither of us ever had a life outside the lab, we're gonna have to find some random person to tell about our story when we get out.
The substitute was a guy named Daniel.
"Daniel, can you let us go outside? Vincent usually lets us go to experience fresh air" said Aurélie.
I didn't know if he'd be convinced, but surprisingly...
He replied with
"Sure. Just make sure you come back or Vincent will get mad at me."
OH. MY. GOD.
It's our chance!!
So we went outside with Daniel, and made a run for it.
I heard from some other books about humans not regarding their bodies that if we escape somewhere we tell the police or something?
I've rarely heard much about the police. But I saw a police building close to where we were. So we ran to the building and found a man wearing blue and told him this.
"We..uhm...we're unethical experiments that just escaped a lab..."
they didn't believe us until they saw how weird we looked compared to them.
"We'll have to do some research to make sure you aren't lying. Come with me."
He then took us to this room for questioning and asked us a bunch of stuff, like who made us, where we came from, what happened to us at the facility, etc.
"You two seem to have an extremely abusive 'caretaker'. What's his name again?" He asked.
"Vincent." Me and Aurélie quickly said in unison.
After a bit, he said he'd try and put us in an orphanage, (whatever that is) because we don't have parents. He said good people will take care of us. he also said we'd have to go through "therapy". We'd also do school, which I have heard of.

I can't believe this is happening.

Looks like she was dumb enough to drop her book at that police station. They had it with their lost items, and of course I had to grab it, since I lost them. What am I supposed to do now? Lose my job because they're gone? Now they could investigate me at any moment. She may be dumb but she's smart enough to leave..ugh. Since the police station didn't bother to read the name, it's mine for now, until they catch me, which they shouldn't...It's mine now for me to read, for me to read about their suffering, their joys, it's mine now. I'm just rambling on at this point, I need something... something to get my mind off this shit. These girls make me insane and I mean it now in anger.

I hope they never hear it when that needle is calling to me.

I just need something to calm down from all this.

I used to take it out on them, but they'll figure it out if I keep doing that...

This diary is direct evidence of my crime, though. I have to hide it. Then where's her evidence?

Hah. At least I found something that might get me out of this.

If I keep this hidden, it'd be great. I would burn it, but I'm not sure if that'd cause problems, and honestly, not sure if I *want* to keep it or not.

God fucking damn it. I don't even know anymore. What the hell do I do?!?

October 31st (Halloween,
or whatever they call it)

The police asked us so many questions. We soon were able to go to the orphanage, though.
it wasn't the nicest place, though.
me and Aurelie were looking around and saw decorations like pumpkins, bats, and the like. It's Halloween, they said. A holiday.
We get to dress up in costumes and eat "candy", which is really sweet and usually small. Knocking at people's doors. Sounds fun to me.
They had a box of costumes at the orphanage, including some matching ones.
"Hey! This one looks pretty nice." Said Aurelie, holding two matching costumes in her hand, a bit worn out, but good enough.
It was two pumpkin costumes.
"Yeah, we can go as pumpkins."

Halloween night was fun. I'm glad I can walk around freely